

# THE CALEDONIAN.

BY A. G. CHADWICK.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., AUGUST 29, 1837.

VOL. I. NO. 4.

TERMS.—The CALEDONIAN will be published weekly at \$2.00 per annum, or at \$1.50 if paid in advance. If payment is made within six months from the time of subscribing it will be received as advance pay. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Salem Register.

MR. ADAMS' ORATION AT NEWBURYPORT—JULY 4, 1837.

This pamphlet which contains 64 pages besides an appendix, we think will be one of the most interesting and valuable works of the kind ever offered to the American public. There have been no exaggerations in the numerous notices of this masterly performance which have appeared in the papers. Its pages are replete with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." It discusses topics of the most important nature with the eloquence, pungency and vigor peculiar to the distinguished author, and in his very best style. We extract the following passage from the pages before us as a sample of the performance, and as furnishing a specimen of rich and glowing eloquence seldom equalled:

We have consulted the records of the past, and I have appealed to your consciousness of the present; and what is the sound, which they send forth to all the echoes of futurity, but Union;—Union, as one People,—Union, so as to be divided by no act whatever. We have a sound of Modern days,—could it have come from an American voice? that the value of the Union is to be calculated? Calculated? By what system of Arithmetic? By what rule of proportion? Calculate the value of maternal tenderness and filial affection; calculate the value of nuptial vows, of compassion to human suffering, of sympathy with affliction, of piety to God, and of charity to man; calculate the value of all that is precious to the heart, and all that is binding upon the soul; and then you will have the elements with which to calculate the value of the Union. But if cotton or tobacco, rocks or ice, metallic money or mimic paper, are to furnish the measures, the stamp act was the invention of a calculating statesman.

"Great financier! stupendous calculator!" And what the result of his system of computation was to the treasury of Great Britain, that will be the final settlement of every member of this community, who calculates, with the primary numbers of State sovereignty and nullification, the value of the Union.

Our government is a complicated machine. We hold for an inviolable first principle, that the People are the source of all lawful authority upon earth. But we have one People to be governed by a legislative representation of fifteen millions of souls, and twenty-six Peoples, of numbers varying from less than one hundred thousand to more than two millions, governed for their internal police by legislative and executive magistrates of their own choice, and by laws of their own enacting; and all forming in the aggregate the one People, as which they are known to the other nations of the civilized world. We have twenty-six States, with governments administered by these separate Legislatures and Executive Chiefs, and represented by equal numbers in the general Senate of the nation. This organization is an anomaly in the history of the world. It is that, which distinguishes us from all other nations, ancient and modern; from the simple monarchies and republics of Europe; and from all the confederacies, which have figured in any age upon the face of the globe. The seeds of this complicated machine, were all sown in the Declaration of Independence; and their roots can never be eradicated but by the dissolution of the Union. The calculators of the value of the Union, who would palm upon you, in the place of this sublime invention, a mere cluster of sovereign confederated States, do but sow the wind to reap the whirlwind. One lamentable evidence of deep degeneracy from the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, is the countenance, which has been occasionally given, in various parts of the Union, to this doctrine; but it is consolatory to know that, whenever it has been distinctly disclosed to the people, it has been rejected by them with pointed reprobation. It has, indeed, presented itself in its most malignant form in that portion of the Union, the civil institutions of which are most infected with the gangrene of slavery. The inconsistency of the institution of domestic slavery with the principles of the Declaration of Independence, was seen and lamented by all the southern patriots of the revolution; by no one with deeper and more unalterable conviction, than by the author of the Declaration himself. No charge of inconsistency or hypocrisy can be fairly laid to their charge. Never from their lips was heard one syllable of attempt to justify the institution of slavery. They universally considered it a reproach fastened upon them by the unnatural step-mother country, and they saw that before the principles of the Declaration of Independence, slavery in common with every other mode of oppression, was destined sooner or later to be banished from the earth. Such was the undoubling conviction of Jefferson to his dying day. In the Memoir of his life, written at the age of seventy-seven, he gave to his countrymen the solemn and emphatic warning, that the day was not distant when they must hear and adopt the general emancipation of their slaves. "Nothing is more certainly written," said he, "in the book of fate, than that these people are to be free." My countrymen! it is written in a better volume than the book of fate; it is written in the laws of Nature and of Nature's God.

We are now told, indeed, by the learned doctors of the nullification school, that color operates as a forfeiture of the rights of human nature; that a dark skin turns a man into a chattel; that crispy hair transforms a man into a four footed beast. The master priest informs you, that slavery is consecrated and sanctified by the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament; that Ham was the father of Canaan, and that all his posterity were doomed by his own father to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the descendants of Shem and Japhet; that native Americans of African descent are the children of Ham, with the curse of Noah still fastened upon them; and the native Americans of European descent are children of Japhet, pure Anglo-Saxon blood, born to command, and to live by the sweat of another's brow. The master-philosopher teaches you that slavery is no curse, but a blessing!—that Providence—Providence! has so ordered it that this country should be inhabited by two races of men, one born to wield the scourge, and the other to bear the record of its stripes upon his back, one to earn through a toilsome life the other's bread, and to feed him on a bed of roses; that slavery is a guardian and promoter of wisdom and virtue; that the slave, by laboring for another's enjoyment, learns disinterestedness, and humility, and to meek with tenderness and affection for his master; that the master, nurtured, clothed, and sheltered by another's toils, learns to be generous and grateful to the slave, and sometimes to feel for him as a father for a child; that, released from the necessity of supplying his own wants, he acquires opportunity of leisure to improve his mind, to purify his heart, to cultivate his taste; that he has time on his hands to plunge into the depths of philosophy and to soar to the clear empyrean of seraphic morality. The master-Statesman, say, the statesman in the land of the Declaration of Independence, in the halls of national legislation, with the muse of history recording his words as they drop from his lips,—with the colossal figure of American liberty, leaning on a column entwined with the emblem of eternity, over his head,—with the forms of Washington and La Fayette, speaking to him from the canvases,—turns to the image of the father of his country, and forgetting that the last act of his life was to emancipate his slaves, to bolster the cause of slavery says, That man was a slaveholder.

"My countrymen! these are the tenets of the modern nullification school. Can you wonder that they shrink from the light of free discussion?—That they skulk from the grasp of freedom and truth? Is there among you one who hears me, solicitous above all things for the preservation of the Union so truly dear to us,—of that Union, proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence, of that Union, never to be divided by any fact whatever,—and who dreads that the discussion of the merits of slavery will endanger the continuance of the Union. Let him discard his terrors, and be assured that they are no other than the phantom fears of nullification; that while doctrines like these are taught in her schools of philosophy, preached in her pulpits, and avowed in her legislative councils, the free and unrestrained discussion of the rights and wrongs of slavery, far from endangering the union of these States, is the only condition upon which that Union can be preserved and perpetuated. What! Are you to be told with one breath, that the transcendent glory of this day consists in the proclamation that all lawful government is founded on the unalienable rights of man and with the next breath that you must not whisper this truth to the winds, lest they should taint the atmosphere with freedom, and kindle the flame of insurrection? Are you to bless the earth beneath your feet, because she supports the footsteps of a slave, and then to choke the utterance of your voice, lest the sound of liberty should be re-echoed from the palm-tree groves, mingled with the discordant notes of disunion? No! no! Freedom of speech is the only safety valve which, under the high pressure of slavery, can preserve your political boiler from a fearful and fatal explosion. Let it be admitted that slavery is an institution of internal policy, exclusively subject to the separate jurisdiction of the States where it is cherished as a blessing, or tolerated as an evil as yet irremediable. But let that slavery, which intrenches herself within the walls of her own impregnable fortress, not sally forth to conquest over the domain of freedom. Intrude not beyond the hallowed bounds of oppression; but if you have by solemn compact doomed your ears to hear the distant clanking of the chain, let not the fetters of the slave be forged afresh upon your own soil; far less permit them to be rivetted upon your own feet. Quench not the spirit of freedom. Let it go forth,—not in the panoply of fleshly wisdom, but with the promise of peace, and the voice of persuasion, clad in the whole armour of truth,—conquering and to conquer.

Friends and fellow citizens! I speak to you with the voice as of one risen from the dead. Were I now, as I shortly must be, cold in my grave, and could the sepulchre unbar its gates, and open to me a passage to this desk, devoted to the worship of Almighty God, I would repeat the question with which this discourse was introduced:—Why are you assembled in this place?—and one of you would answer me for all,—Because the Declaration of Independence, with the voice of an angel from heaven, 'put to his mouth the sounding alchemy, and proclaimed universal emancipation upon earth! It is not the separation of your forefathers from their kindred race beyond the Atlantic tide. It is not the union of thirteen British Colonies into one People and the entrance of that People upon the theatre, where kingdoms, and empires, and nations are the persons of the drama. It is not that this is the birth-day of the North American Union, the last and noblest offspring of time. It is that the first words uttered by the Genius of our country, in announcing his existence to the world of mankind, was,—Freedom to the slave! Liberty to the captives! Redemption forever to the race of man, from the yoke of oppression! It is not the work of a day; it is the labour of an age; it is not the consummation of a century, that we are assembled to commemorate. It is the emancipation of our race. It is the emancipation of man from the thralldom of man!

And is this the language of enthusiasm? The dream of a disordered fancy? Is it not rather the voice of inspiration? The language of holy writ? Why is it that the Scriptures, both of the old and new Covenant, teach you upon every page to look forward to the time, when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid? Why is it that 600 years before the birth of the Redeemer, the sublimest prophets, with lips touched by the hallowed fire from the hand of God, spoke and said,—The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the

Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound? And why is it, that, at the first dawn of the fulfilment of this prophecy,—at the birth-day of the Saviour in the lowest condition of human existence,—the angel of the Lord came in a flood of supernatural light upon the Shepherds, witnesses of the scene, and said,—Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people? Why is it, that there was suddenly with that angel, a multitude of heavenly hosts, praising God, and saying,—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,—good will towards men?\*

What are the good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people? The prophet had told you six hundred years before,—Liberty to the captives,—the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound. The multitude of the heavenly host pronounced the conclusion, to be shouted hereafter by the universal choir of all intelligent created beings,—Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace,—good will toward men.\*

\*Luke, 2, 9, 10, 13, 14.

The following extracts are copied from the "Narrative of a Voyage of Observation among the Colonies of Western Africa, and of a campaign in Kaffiland," by Capt. James E. Alexander.

We quote some passages from his account of the Kaffirs. What a race to inhabit such a region! Kaffiland, we are told, "realizes all we have read of Acadia." "Wild flowers line the path, and Providence has made the land one of exceeding promise." All, in the language of Moore,

"All, save the spirit of man, is divine."

"To frighten their antagonists, the Kaffirs spring about, shaking their light shields, and beating them with their knees; holding this defensive weapon with the bundle of assegais and keerie in the left hand, they quiver a single assegai in the right, uttering short cries of rage and defiance; and with their horned head-gear and waving mantle, they have really a very savage and warlike appearance. The Kaffirs balance and quiver the assegai before throwing it; can hurl it at a distance of 70 or 80 yards through the air; are certain of their aim at 50 yards; and, at a distance of fifteen or twenty yards, will throw it so sharply under-handed, that it is impossible to see or parry the blow.

"The young Kaffir females are generally tall, well formed, and plump; their features are regular and pleasing; and their teeth and eyes very good. Unlike the Dutch 'oud vrouwen,' who singly are sometimes a wagon load, the old women of the Kaffirs get skinny and deeply wrinkled; and when with brandished assegai or keerie they dance and scream, and encourage the men to war and plunder, they look like attendants of the infernal Hecate.

There is a particular circumstance connected with the costume of the sexes, that implies a strange contradiction of character—the males being so ostentatiously unlike Europeans in their notions of dress, while the females are so guardedly delicate in the concealment of their persons. The Kaffirs, however, can be sentimental; they almost worship their cattle, and in the evening, as the herds are returning from their pastures, driven by the young men, the elders sit at their doors shedding tears of delight when they recognize their favorite kine. Some too, can be philosophers. Old people will sometimes say, "I want to die;" whereupon their friends lead them to a cave, and leaving them a dish of dainties, block up the entrance forever. This exceeds the spirit of composure evinced by an English physician, (was it not?) who exclaimed, "Mary, stir the fire, and then shut the door softly for I am going to die." The summary and capital punishment of these people, says Captain Alexander, are "merciful!"

"That is, they take the culprit aside and destroy him with clubs, or thrust him through with an assegai. But their torturing with black ants, and above all, with hot stones applied to the body, is dreadful. Some time ago, there crawled to the mission station of the Chumie, a Fingo herdman, whose legs, from the ankles upwards, were perfectly roasted; and the skin and flesh of the sole detached from the foot, and flapping against it. He died of lockjaw in a few days, in the greatest agony; and why was this dreadful punishment inflicted? Because, in driving a cow into a kraal he had thrown a stick at her; it had glanced off the horn and struck the son of a Kaffir counsellor on the leg.

Love and witchcraft he assures us are the causes of much crime among them. Of their wives—"The Kaffir chiefs have commonly four or more wives; they are particular about consanguinity, and therefore purchase Tamboukie females for thirty or forty head of oxen each. Tyalie offered forty head of cattle for a handsome young lady, the daughter of an officer in Graham's Town. The proposal was declined; and some said this was one cause of the war! Common Kaffirs can only afford to buy and keep one wife."

I compare the art of spreading rumors to the art of pin making. There is usually some truth which I call the wires; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point, others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed.

NEWTON.

## VAN BUREN CURRENCY.

The following amusing extract from a story published in the New Yorker, illustrates one of the results of the "Experiment."

They had gained the hotel, and Miss Tompkins seated herself at a window in sullen silence, until the bell rang for dinner.

Timothy seated Miss Tompkins at a table, and then took a chair by her side. He filled her plate with the choicest viands that the table afforded, and then was about serving himself, when, casting his eye upwards, he discovered, on a placard, against the door, the ominous words

NO NOTES CHANGED HERE.

Timothy Jenkins dropped his knife and fork, rose from the table, and entered the bar-room.

"Landlord," said he to the host, "I have a lady with me, and we wish to dine here; but I have no silver. I have a Five on the New York City Bank."

"Can't do anything with it, sir; should be very happy to accommodate you, but unless you can give me silver, I can do nothing for you."

"But my dear landlord, the lady is already seated at the table, and I am very hungry."

"It can't be helped, sir; may be the lady can pay for her own dinner. I will go and ask her."

The persecuted Jenkins rushed past him, and, gaining the side of Miss Tompkins, he almost dragged her into an adjoining room.

"My dear Miss Tompkins," said he, "I implore your clemency; I am to be pitted, indeed I am. This rascally landlord will not change my note, and he will not give us our dinners." So saying, he fell on a chair, and the perspiration streamed down his pallid features.

"Mr. Jenkins!" screamed the now really exasperated Angelina; "did you mean to insult me this day, by exposing me to the rudeness of tavern keepers and pie-makers? I leave you now, sir, and hope that the next time you attempt to tinker the currency, you will find some other than me to witness how well your system works. I wish you joy of your 'V. M. Timothy Jenkins. When you get it changed, send me the shilling you borrowed this morning;" and she retreated from his presence, no more to charm by her beauty and lure by her voice the Bank victim, or much-to-be-pitied hero.

"This, then, is the fruition of my cherished project," said the luckless Timothy, as, about sunset, he found himself on board a ferry-boat returning to this city. "I have not a cent to pay my ferrage, and these people are exceedingly rude. My handkerchief, ring, penknife, are all gone, and so is Angelina." He raised his head at the moment, and saw that the ferryman was before him, with extended palm. Timothy shivered as he drew forth his bank note. What was his astonishment when he observed the man take it, give him in return a four dollar bill on an Eastern bank, and fifteen small bits of paper, each of the following purport:

GOOD FOR A TRIP TO HOBOKEN.

Our hero marvelled, but dared not to remonstrate, and when he arrived at the city he went into a barber's shop, to re-arrange his disordered apparel. He tendered the tonsor his four-dollar note; he took it, gave him a three, and fifteen cards signed by the man of strops, each of them bearing the words

GOOD FOR A SHAVE.

Simon Strop.

Timothy was more puzzled; but his encounters during the day had been so keen, that he feared to discuss the point with Mr. Strop, so he folded his cards in his wallet.

"I am very hungry," murmured Timothy, "I will eat something;" and he descended into an oyster cellar, and called for a bowl. He ate the oysters, tendered his three dollar bill, received a two dollar note in exchange, together with seven cards each marked

GOOD FOR A STEW OR A PLATE OF RAW.

Olethal Oysters.

"Worse and worse," thought Mr. Jenkins, "but there is no help for it;" and he entered an omnibus. Arrived at Bleeker street, Mr. Jenkins drew out his two dollar bill, and he received fifteen tickets, intimating on the face "that each ticket was

GOOD FOR A RIDE FROM BLEEKER TO WALL STREET.

Having gained his own room, locked the door, emptied his pockets of the new circulating medium and read them over—"Good for a trip to Hoboken"—"Good for a Shave"—"Good for a Stew or a Plate of Raw"—"Good for a Ride"—"This, then, is the state of affairs, is it?" quoth Timothy Jenkins to himself. "With a note on a bank perfectly solvent in my pocket, I have been vilified—sneered at—put to the blush—abused by her I love—and got in return a few specimens of private banking. I will go to bed," said Timothy Jenkins, "and with this practised exemplification of the 'better currency' to dream over, I think I shall wake to-morrow a wiser and a better man."

MORAL.—

What a wife should be is beautifully delineated by a French writer, from whom is translated the following highly colored portrait, which we hope may find many living originals in this country:

It is her happiness to be ignorant of all the world calls pleasure; her glory is to live in the duties of a wife and mother, and she consecrates her days to the practice of social virtues. Occupied in the government of her family; she reigns over her husband by complaisance; over her children by mildness; and domestics by goodness. Her home is the residence of filial order, peace, sweet sleep, and good health. Economical and studious, she prevents and dissipates the evil passion; the indigent who claim her charity are never repulsed; the licentious avoid her presence. She has a character of reverence and dignity, that makes her beloved; of prudence and firmness, that makes her esteemed. She diffuses around her a mild warmth, a pure light, which vivify and illumine all that encircle her.

HORRID RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT. We do not remember a more distressing accident than that of which the subjoined is an account. We have known many in which there was a greater loss of life, but surely none which appealed more strongly to the sympathies, or was calculated to make a deeper impression upon the senses.

Steamboat Columbus, Aug. 12, 1837.

The most serious accident that has occurred in Eastern Virginia since my recollection, happened on the Portsmouth and Roanoke Railroad, one and a half miles from Suffolk, yesterday between 9 and 10 o'clock. A company consisting of about 150 ladies and gentlemen, from the counties of Isle of Wright, Nansemond, and Southampton, came down on the railroad on Thursday, the 10th inst. with a view of visiting Portsmouth, Norfolk, Fortress Monroe, and returning the next day. On their return, at the time and place above mentioned, they met a locomotive and train of burden cars, and horrible to relate, the two ran against one another, while going at the rate of 10 or 12 miles an hour.

A messenger was sent into Suffolk for some physician in the place to come out immediately, and I being accidentally in that town, repaired to the place of accident, with the hope of being able to render some assistance to the wounded.

The most heart-rending scene presented itself that I have ever witnessed; every spot on both sides of the road which offered the least protection from the sun, was covered with the dead, dying and wounded. Three young ladies sitting together on the front seat of the second car were killed, neither living longer than fifteen minutes; another lady, an infant, and a negro girl were so much injured that they died before 3 o'clock, and ten or fifteen ladies and gentlemen besides sustained injury of one kind or another, very like to prove fatal to four or five of them. The confusion attending an accident where so many were present, the mangled corpses laid out on the side of the road, the moans of the wounded, and the weeping and wailing of relations presented a spectacle which defies description.

Every possible attention was paid to the sufferers by the physicians and hospitable citizens of Suffolk, but the situation where it happened and the excessive heat of the day, added greatly to the intensity of their sufferings. I shall not attempt to assign any cause for this painful occurrence, as the matter will probably undergo a thorough investigation before a court of justice.

AN EYE WITNESS.

A LAKE STORY—GOOD AND TRUE. A friend of mine built a good schooner, and through the request of the master workman, and presentation of a set of colors, she was christened "Thomas H. Benton." She cannot get a load in any port on Lake Erie, even when there is freight to send, and the way she is jeered with "T. H. Benton," flying at her mast head, when in harbor, is a caution: are you loaded with yellow boys, will you take a load of shiners to Missouri, &c. and so on—her owner says she is in danger of being lynched, and as her name cannot be altered except by an act of Congress, it has been suggested that he draw black lines around the magic name and write upon the flag "expunged."—Dayton, Ohio Journal.

The N. Y. Star thus speaks of the new sub-treasury, alias, Treasury Bank, Experiment:

Here we have it—Royalty, without disguise, in its worst shape. A control over Congress—a control over the treaty and war making power, and control over the Treasury. Congress not the Government is to be divorced from all supervision over the people's money, which is to be intrusted to any army of irresponsible agents—Placemen and Pensioners appointed by the President. We give up the Republic the moment such a plot is permitted to have existence; and this is called Democracy!! Plunder is the right name."

And Again.—The plot thickens. As September approaches we have the development of the stupendous project of plunder, (that is the proper word,) which is to be proposed to Congress. It is to take the people's money from the control of the people, and place it in the hands of Blair, Kendall, Van Buren, Wright & Co. under the name of a Government Bank—to give them the power and the right of disbursing millions—and make the collectors of the Revenue, receivers of public monies, Post Masters, &c. &c. agents of the Treasury, to organize a perfect system of fraud and corruption unknown hitherto to any Government on earth! Van Buren having destroyed the Bank of the United States—having broke all the State Banks, and nearly bankrupted every merchant, is now in favor of seizing upon the public revenues and using them for the perpetuation of his own power and the benefit of the "spoils" party. Abandoned and bold as such a scheme is, he did not venture to broach it without the endorsement of Gen. Jackson.—Accordingly Blair was instructed to procure the recommendation from the old Lion, whom his own people of Tennessee have put into coventry at the Hermitage.

There are now three Queens of England; namely, Victoria, the Queen Regnant; Louisa, the queen mother, and Adelaide, the queen dowager. The two latter queens by courtesy.